

A few very successful politicians to the contrary notwithstanding, frankness is a mighty big asset in any kind of business, and he who knows how to use it wins.

The other day a new "grease joint" opened up in our block. It wasn't much of a place to look at—just the ordinary cheap restaurant, except that it was new and clean and there was a very frank sign on the wall. It conveyed this information:

"Pay your bill and go out through the kitchen if you want. There are no secrets in our business."

That "grease joint" is rapidly putting its two nearest competitors out of business. And thus far nobody has paid his bill and made his exit through the kitchen. Frankness bred faith in the breast of the hungry. They looked at the sign and cared to look no farther. Most of us are willing to accept on faith that which we are permitted to examine.

The air of mystery which used to cloak big business in industry and politics isn't so much of an asset any more. In these days we are poking our fingers into pretty nearly everything from the milk cans to the wheels that go round at 26 Broadway. Instead of the old superstitious awe of mystery, there is now a distrust of that which is hidden. Put up any sort of prohibitive sign and we consider it an invitation to get busy with the probe. If the sign says "wet paint," we stick our fingers in it. If it says "No admittance," we promptly bring on the battering ram to get in and find out why.

But frankness, confidence in your neighbor and the public promptly always curiosity and beguets confidence in return. The man who throws his cards face up on the table and reaches for the money can pocket it without protest. Permission to get into the kitchen and find out what we are eating and how it is prepared is all we ask. We take it for granted that whatever is in the open is right, honest and satisfactory.

And the moral of the tale applies with equal force and equal practicability to business and to personal conduct.

Useful Word Indeed.

Apparently the popular word of the moment in America (where the election is) is "bolt." Says the London Chronicle. We read that some one is preparing to bolt (meaning to change sides) and some one else will probably bolt Taft (meaning throw him over). But these do not end its meanings. A glance at the dictionary shows that when you bolt you may be running away, rushing forward, or sitting something through a sieve, according to the context. Further, a bolt can be an arrow, a roll of canvas, a bundle of sticks, and a narrow passage between two houses. And a plant bolts when it runs to seed. A very useful word.

Cleaning Up a Mystery.

The teacher was giving a lesson in mathematics and English combined. "A fathom," she said, "is a nautical word used in defining distance. It means six feet. Now I want some little girl to give me a sentence using the word fathom."

Instantly a hand shot up in the rear of the room.

"Well, Mary, you may give your sentence."

Mary stood up proudly.

"The reason flies can walk on the ceiling," said the observant child, "is because they have a fathom."

A Rust Preventive.

To keep iron goods of any kind, and especially those parts of machines which are made of steel or iron, from rusting, take one-third ounce of powdered camphor and melt it before the fire in one pound of good lard. To give it a dark color, add as much fine black lead as is necessary to produce the desired effect. Clean the iron work and smear it over with this preparation. After this it should be allowed to remain untouched for twenty-four hours, when the grease should be removed by wiping the ironwork with a soft cloth.

Mrs. Eve Petulant.

"What shall we have for dinner to-day, Adam?" asked Eve, laying aside a fig leaf on which she had embroidered a letter "A."

"Oh," Adam replied, "let's have some nice spareribs and apple sauce, for a change."

"There you go again, Adam," exclaimed Eve, petulantly, "reminding me of your lost rib and that hateful apple we ate in the garden."

And Adam stole away to tell his troubles to little Cain.

Electric Lights.

The cost of installing electric lights on a farm, including outbuildings, is estimated at \$650. The engine needs to be operated only about eight hours every week. There is no danger from handling the live wires of such a home plant, since the voltage seldom exceeds 30, and with good wire there is little danger from fire. Many farmers have begun to install electric lights in the barn are particularly desirable in the winter months, when it gets dark early.

Pecan Meats.

The meats of pecan nuts may easily be removed if they are first placed in a pan and boiling water poured over them.

Allow them to remain in the water for 20 or 30 minutes. When the nuts are cracked, the meats come out without trouble and are usually whole.

Where He Is Deficient.

The faith of the average man wouldn't move a molehill, much less a mountain.—Chicago News.

PARALLEL STORIES of FAMOUS CRIMES

By HENRY C. TERRY

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THE GREAT GOLD COIN COUNTERFEITING CASE.

COUNTERFEITING is practically a lost art in America. William J. Flynn, head of the United States Secret Service in New York, declares that not a single gang whose work is comparable to that of Andy Bliss and his crowd, the "Hobnobbers," or any one of a dozen gangs that flourished a generation ago, is operating in the country today.

Chief Flynn declares that he does not know of a single spurious gold coin in circulation in the east. In the far west, where gold is a more active circulating medium, some attempts may be made to counterfeit it, but none important enough to cause the secret service more than passing annoyance.

With this introduction I will let Andy Bliss, the king of the gold coiners, tell his story, just as he told it to me.

STATEMENT OF ANDY BLISS.

No man of sense, said Andy, would ever become a thief, if he would stop for a moment and think.

I will admit that there is a fascination in thievery, which grows upon what it feeds, until it is overpowering, and stealing then becomes a habit, the same as tobacco smoking and drinking rum, and it is very hard to break off.

But the practical lesson of my life is very clear. I have been a thief for forty years, spent twenty years in jail, made over \$2,000,000 in forgeries, counterfeiting schemes and bank robberies, and today I have not a dollar to my name. It's the old story over again—easy come, easy go.

I will tell you about the counterfeit scheme, which gave me a reputation among crooks and honest men as well, of being a star performer in my line. It all grew out of a little trip which I made to Washington to meet Tom Cannon, an old friend of mine, who had planted a place near the White House which promised a reward of about \$10,000. I would have gone anywhere for a lump of money half that size in those days. Well, I looked over the scheme and saw that it was very dangerous, but Cannon would not give up the idea. I did not want to be looked upon as a fellow without nerve, so I consented to go into the job, which was to rob the safe of a paymaster.

The paymaster—I think his name was Hoffman—drank pretty hard, and slept near the safe, but the plan was to attack the strong box while the paymaster was in a drunken stupor. We got to the safe without much trouble. The box was an old-fashioned affair, and we got to the bills by simply knocking out the spindle in the handle.

I nailed the money when the door flew open, and started away. Cannon was behind me. The paymaster was shot from his revolver. The ball went through Cannon's neck and struck me in the shoulder. Cannon was killed, but the ball did not stop me. I ran and got away with the huddle.

I knew that it would be unsafe for me to try and get out of Washington then, for the alarm was promptly given, and every street and outlet was guarded by Uncle Sam's men, as well as the local police. I went directly to the home of Big Jim Farrell. He was an old-time thief, and then was running a faro bank to win the soldier money with crooked dice. I told Jim that I was in a tight place, and he took me to the care of Louise Jordan, who afterward shot Farrell in Chicago, through jealousy. I kept under cover in the Jordan house for about two weeks, and then Darby Jones and his gang, consisting of Billy Wallace, Frenchy Kline, George Keene and Warry McGee, turned up. They had come to Washington to do business with me. I left Washington with the gang disguised as a negro. There was a reward of \$10,000 for my scalp, but I won out easily.

I left the train in Newark and drove to New York in a cab. I kept under cover for a few days in New York, and then moved over to one of the old houses in Ravenswood, L. I., which had been practically deserted for several years. The house was near the water, and we stuck out the sign of a fishing club on the mansion, and hired a sloop to give color to the fake.

Then the counterfeiting scheme was put in motion. Frenchy Kline and Billy Wallace were the experts, and they had expected to have a die for either a \$10 or a \$20 gold piece delivered to him in Washington. Failing to get this, he decided to make the \$10 and \$20 dies himself, and I put up the coin for the tools and to take care of the gang.

Making a die is a very slow process, and we had a dandy time sailing and fishing while Billy was doing the work. He was the most painstaking workman I ever knew, but as he had worked in the treasury department he knew the kind of game he was up against, and did not want to make any mistakes. He made two dies and threw them away, because they did not suit him. The money that was made from these rejected dies would have passed anywhere except among experts, but Billy was in the game to beat experts. In my opinion he had not his equal in the world as an engraver and tool maker.

But the fishing was good, and we could afford to live on the fat of the land; so the whims of Billy did not bother us much.

If Billy was a crank in his way, he was an angel compared with Frenchy Kline, who was the most mysterious man I ever met, and I have seen a lot of curious specimens. Frenchy was a

THE CRIMINAL Tells How He Planned the Deed and Sought to Close Every Avenue of Knowledge Leading to His Guilt. The Detective Shows How Futile These Efforts Were and How the Old Adage, Murder Will Out, "Always Holds Good."

dangerous fellow to go with, for his manners were so strange that he was sure to attract attention and arouse suspicion. I have known him to go for weeks and never speak a word. He was an expert chemist, and could have made a fortune in the business by going on the level, but he preferred to be a crook. There were two things he could do better than any man in the world. He could make genuine paper, for use as money, and a composition of metals which resembled silver and gold so closely that it would require an analysis in the assay office to prove they were spurious. While Billy was making dies, Kline was mixing up pots of metal and turning out bars of yellow gold.

Billy finally finished his dies, and then had the parts of a stamping machine built in different foundries and machine shops. We brought the sections to Ravenswood on our truck, and they were put together in a barn on the place. We got an engine and boiler to run the stamping machine, and were ready for business. But very few people ever passed the old house, and we were just as safe in our work as if we were in a wilderness.

It requires a heavy pressure to stamp a coin, and our machinery was not quite as weighty as the machine in the mint, but our \$10 and \$20 coins were just as good as any that ever left the mint, with the exception that the impression made on the front and back of the coins was not quite as heavy as the genuine. After the stamping the money was put into a milling machine, to corrugate the edges, and an oil roller, to give the coin the appearance of age.

The coin, as fast as it was made, was put into kegs, and when we got enough the kegs were shipped to England, and after satisfactory arrangements had been made upon the other side, were reshipped to this country through a regular broker. Gold was at that time selling at a premium of from 180 to 240, and the kegs of gold were consigned to Wells & Co., reputable brokers in this city, to the credit of Nathaniel Storms, the representative of a foreign syndicate. There were any number of bidders for the gold when it was offered for sale, and we got rid of the whole lot for about \$120,000. It was one of the prettiest deals ever run off in this country.

DETECTIVE ADAMS' STORY.

There never was a job, said Detective Adams, worked in this country, which could match the great gold coin swindle so successfully carried out upon the expert dealers in money in Wall street. No class of people are easier to beat than Wall street men, provided they are met upon their own stamping ground by fearless men who deal with them upon an apparently solid platform.

As I recall it, the bogus coin disposed of was worth, face value, about \$200,000, and the thieves were kind enough to go in and get the premium upon this sum. The firm which handled the gold in this city was Wells & Co., and they were above suspicion. The coin was sent to them from Frink & Beaman, an honorable London firm of bankers, and every connection from start to finish had all the marks of a genuine transaction. There was nothing to arouse suspicion except the gold itself, and that was not critically examined at the time, because it had been shipped in a perfectly regular manner. Inquiry would probably not have been made into the transaction for a long time if it had not been for the disappearance of Nathaniel Storms, who had completed the transaction with Wells & Co., and collected the money for the gold.

Storms came to this country with the gold and had letters of introduction equal to the best certificate of character. He represented that he was the agent of a syndicate of foreign capitalists who had been quietly gathering up all the gold they could get hold of in Europe at their own figures, and had not together several millions of dollars which they intended to put upon the American market to get the benefit of the large premium.

When Storms collected the money for the gold, he made an appointment to meet Wells & Co. the next day upon a matter of importance, and he did not show up. He was stopping at the old Astor House, and a letter was sent there by a messenger, who brought back a reply that Storms had given up his room there in the morning, before he went to Wells & Co.'s office. His baggage consisted only of a handbag, and he took this away with him. It also was learned that Storms had not stopped at the Astor House at all. He hired a room there by the week, but never went to it, and only called at the hotel to get his mail.

Storms had told one of the members of the firm that he had given a dinner to some of his English friends at the Astor House and related some of the stories which were told by his friends of American life. It was considered very strange that Storms, who carried all the marks of honesty in his face and speech, should have lied about such an unimportant matter; and, considering all the circumstances, a doubt was raised about his veracity in other matters of importance.

Several days passed and nothing was heard from Storms. Wells & Co. became a bit uneasy and sent a cable to Frink & Beaman, asking for information about the further shipments of gold. Frink & Beaman replied that they did not know anything about shipments of the precious metal, and would be delighted to find any of it. Then the direct inquiry was made by Wells & Co. of Frink & Beaman if they had not consigned \$200,000 to Wells & Co. The answer came back that they had not.

This news turned things upside down in Wells & Co.'s establishment. The gold which they had sold had been broken up into smaller packages and pretty widely distributed. Some of the coin was found and it was pronounced genuine by bank experts, but the deep interest of Wells & Co. aroused the suspicion of some of their customers, and they sent several samples to the assay office for analysis. This examination showed that there was practically only a trace of gold on the face of each coin, and the metal was worthless.

Then there was the device to pay. The customers of Wells & Co. demanded the return of their money and the firm was forced to suspend temporarily. I was called into the case at this juncture and I must confess that it looked like a mountain. Advances from London showed that all the papers which had been used by Nathaniel Storms in this country had been forged, and the investigation made by Wells & Co. was just ten days too late. The plot would have been exposed if they had made inquiries concerning Storms at the start. Private letter blanks and secret marks of identification had been obtained from Frink & Beaman in some way, showing that some one in their employ had been giving information. There was nothing in this country but a good description of Storms. He wore a full beard, and I knew that he would shake this at the first opportunity, so that a description of him was useless.

I was sent to London to work up that end with the Scotland Yard people. I brought them the information about the letter blanks and secret marks, and a watch was put upon everybody in Frink & Beaman's office. They had twenty clerks working for them, and it took some time to pick up our man. We found a young fellow named Sinclair who had money to burn on \$15 a week, and pinched him. He squealed without delay, and said that he had been induced to give up the secrets of the business by two men who claimed to be Englishmen. They gave him \$500 for his work. He heard them call each other Andy and Warry, and this gave the first tip on the gang. I was satisfied that the two men were Andy Bliss and Warry McGee, both crooks. I learned that the bogus coin had been brought from America on the Cunard line in casks of white lead, and had been returned by the same line.

As it had been arranged that the money should be paid in New York, I knew that it was certain that Warry and Andy would be on board to get their whack, and I came back. I could not imagine who this Storms was, and my only hold was to keep the pipes running for Bliss and McGee, who naturally would not be much alarmed over the robbery for the reason that every end was covered.

I knocked around among men and women I knew to be crooked for about a month before I got a good tip. It was in Nat Cunningham's saloon on the Bowery that I overheard a conversation between a couple of bank sneaks, who were telling a friend about a trip they had taken to New York, and that they had on Andy Bliss' yacht, and the sport at the fishing club in Ravenswood.

It took me a couple of hours in Ravenswood to locate the clubhouse. It was in an old deserted mansion. I went there after dark, and was astonished to hear a regular and very hard thumping in one of the outhouses. I could not see into the place, but I heard the sound of several voices, and when some one came out I caught a glimpse of some moving machinery through a door. I waited till after daylight, and I knew that there was crooked work going on, for there was a sign of a smoke pipe anywhere.

I made all my arrangements for a raid, and the next night I had ten picked men in Ravenswood. I kept tab on the clubhouse and saw that there were at least five men there.

About 8 o'clock four men left the clubhouse and went to the barn. Soon the machinery was going, and I went to the barn with five men, leaving the others to watch the house. The men felt so secure that the barn door had not been locked. I flung it open and jumped inside with my men. Every crook was covered by a gun and threw up his hands, except Frenchy Kline, who was in the head and died afterward from the injury.

Two men in the house, hearing the confusion in the barn, rushed out to see what the trouble was, and were captured by the guard. We got Warry McGee, George Keene, Frenchy Kline, Billy Wallace, Darby Jones and Andy Bliss, and the best counterfeiters' outfit in the world.

Dog Conquers Elephant.

Gunda, the 7,000-pound elephant in the Bronx zoo, was taking an elephantine stesta in the inclosure before his home when he discovered a stranger in the yard. A dog had worked his way in and was advancing upon the proprietor with sharp barks.

The dog showed no fear, but Gunda, shaking with it, let out a roar, he barked every now on the grounds to the inclosure. Tremblingly, the big beast backed into his house, with the dog following, and both disappeared within. More roars shook the building before Keeper Thuman arrived. He found the pup on the point of crawling up the elephant's trunk, pried the animals apart, and threw the dog out. In gratitude, Gunda wound his trunk caressingly about his keeper, who dried the beast's tears and promised that such a thing would never happen again.—New York Times.

Waste in English Workhouse.

One of the greatest wastes of society, it is well recognized in the British workhouse, with its able-bodied inmates employed for the most part unprofitably on routine drudgery. An example of the talent thus thrown away is afforded by a beautifully carved baptismal font, the work of two inmates, which has just been set up in the Lewisham workhouse chapel.

Nothing in Common.

"How is it that you and your husband have never gone anywhere together any more?"

"Well, his net and my net play entirely different forms of suction bridge."

ATHLETES RETURNING FROM OLYMPIC GAMES



EVERY steamer from northern Europe brings some of the American athletes who won the great victory for their country at the Olympic games at Stockholm. Our photograph shows little Strobino of New Jersey, who came in third in the Marathon race, welcomed by a crowd of his friends at New York.

'OPENS WAR ON RATS

Chicago Health Department in Campaign of Extermination.

Decision Follows Publicity Showing What a Menace and Expense Rodents Are—Do Much Harm and No Good.

Chicago.—Sentence of death was passed recently on Chicago's rats. A series of articles, recently pointed out what a great source of danger and loss rats are, and now the city is to be freed from the rodent pests. The department of health will take the role of modern piper in performing the task.

Announcement of this intention was made by Commissioner of Health George B. Young in the course of the few hours he was in the city to aid the pure milk fight. Conferences in Washington with federal health officials concerning the rat peril were interrupted to enable him to return to Chicago. He was hurrying back to continue his investigations in the east, but he paused long enough to discuss the plans for routing the rat from Chicago.

The danger, remote but too great to be ignored, that the rodents may spread the bubonic plague, is the immediate cause for the campaign of extermination that is to be waged.

The first step, according to Dr. Young, will be to put the rats of the city through an examination for their health. The docks and wharves, as the most fertile breeding places for them, will be visited first. According to the studies made of the bubonic plague, it has been present in virulent form among the rats before it has been communicated to human beings.

The health department men will search for evidences of the disease among rats of all quarters of the city, and if any traces of it are found their efforts will be concentrated in exterminating the rats in that vicinity.

After concern regarding the plague has been satisfied, the department will turn its attention to a general extermination. The rat population of Chicago is set at about half the number of inhabitants, and it is considered that so long as the city is so thickly infested with the rodents it is in danger of disease.

Relief from the immense property damage inflicted by the rats each year will be secondary in the department's consideration, as its duties are primarily those of guarding the city's health. It is considered, however, that this will be an immediate benefit that will be more generally felt than the safety it will give from spread of disease.

SAYS ARK EXCELLED TITANIC

Dr. Ely, in Sermon to Shipbuilders, Says Noah Was Wiser Than Modern Marine Engineers.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Rev. Dr. James B. Ely told a large audience at the

Levon Hill religious services that Noah built better than the men who constructed the Titanic. The rain did not interfere with the services. Having decided that the music pavilion was too damp, Dr. Ely and his congregation held their service on the piazza of the historic mansion house.

"Noah's ship was constructed according to God's plan, and therefore perfectly served the purpose of saving man and beast for 150 days against the world's greatest flood," said Dr. Ely. "The Titanic was built by scientific men, according to the most improved plans, to serve the desires of those who could pay most, but it did not last five days on a comparatively calm sea."

"Sincerity in religion will not in itself save a man. He who drinks poison instead of pure water will die no matter how sincere he may be. If a man's religion does not save him from sin it becomes to him a mere castle of lies. Any religion that does not break the power of sin is a deception, and is in itself sinful."

More than a score of stalwart workers from Cramps' shipyard attended the service with their families. The musical features included singing by the Levon Hill chorus, the male chorus, under Dr. George Conquest Anthony, and the children's chorus, under the leadership of Charles F. Allen. Prof. Francis H. Green of West Chester was the speaker at the evening service.

Horrors of Prison Told

Tale of Torture in Federal Penitentiary in Kansas Is Told by Fugitive Who Surrendered.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Relating a tale of horrors of imprisonment in the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., Andrew Tobani, 24 years old, gave him up to the local police as a fugitive from justice. He "surrendered" at Broad street station the other evening, after the detective department had been bombarded with a number of telephone messages instructing the officials to be on the lookout for a man of Tobani's description. These messages, it was learned, were sent by Tobani himself. Upon being slated at the central station the man gave the name of William Jackson, under which he claims to have enlisted in the United States army at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, as a member of the Fifth cavalry.

It was for an offense committed while a soldier at that post that Tobani claims he was imprisoned in Fort Leavenworth, after an unfair trial, and he said his reason for asking the police, by means of the telephone calls to arrest him, was to expose the indignities to which he had been subjected as a prisoner.

According to Tobani's story, he escaped from the prison three months ago in a swill barrel after serving part

AUTO COWBOYS STIR TOWN

Speeders Arrested After Using Guns and Lariats in Streets of Marshall, Mo.

Marshall, Mo.—Four former cowboys, tourists from Oklahoma, passed through Marshall in a touring car at the rate of sixty miles an hour. They were captured at Arrow Rock, eighteen miles east, brought back and left \$50 in the city treasury. "All but their driver amused themselves roping dogs and chickens on their way through the city and in the country they made farmers sit up and take notice with their guns and lariats."

The thrashing of wheat was suspended until the cowboys were out of sight, but no effort was made to investigate further.

CUPID WON'T ACCEPT NAME

Swain With Too Many Syllables Wants Large Amount Pruned Off.

St. Louis, Mo.—Louis Kuhlengelken filed a petition in the circuit court asking permission to change his name. He asserts that his fiancée refuses to be inflicted with an unpronounceable name.

Another reason is that he wants to register and vote at the coming election, and thinks it would be easier to do this if his name was shorter.

As a brief and pronounceable name he suggests the last three syllables of his present one, and in future he would be known as "Louis Engelenken."

TOWN TO SELL POORHOUSE

Brewster, Mass., Hasn't Had Applicant to Enter It in Over a Year.

Worcester, Mass.—Poverty has become so completely a thing of the past in the town of Brewster, Mass., that the authorities have directed the town clerk to sell the poor house and poor house to the highest bidder. There has not been an applicant for a place in the institution in more than a year, it is said. The town has about 700 inhabitants.

Following a summer habit of butter, the butter inquiry is to spread.

WEARS STOCKINGS OF GOLD

Society Girl Startles Summer Colony at Bretton Woods—Are Valued at \$100.

Bretton Woods, N. H.—Stockings of pure gold—the fashion vaguely announced from San Francisco—is a glittering fact in puritanical New England.

Miss Aline Gordon of New York, one of the fashionable young people

at the Mt. Washington hotel, is the first to bring the alchemistic innovation to Bretton Woods, but the excitement and admiration which her golden stockings caused among the young and old point to a rapid spread of the new hosiery habit.

Thus far Miss Gordon has worn two pairs of the wonderful creations. The first appearance was at one of the

workly dances, when her descent of the main stairway was marked by a pedal glow that dazzled all the other guests. The second pair—which appeared at the following dance—were not only of golden texture, but were heavily brocaded with figures of a bird of paradise. It is said that gold stockings are considered a bargain at \$100 a pair. You can wear one pair two times—if you are lucky.